PROLOGUE.

TO THE

King and Queen,

AT THE

OPENING

OF

Their THEATRE.

Spoken by Mr. *Batterton*: Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

SInce Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Fashion,
Their penny-Scribes take care t'inform the Nation,
How well men thrive in this or that Plantation.

How *Pensilvania*'s Air agrees with Quakers,
And *Carolina*'s with Associators:
Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth is, our Land with Saints is so run o'er,
And every Age produces such a store,
That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll say, to Us and our Vocation?
Onely thus much, that we have left our Station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Factious Natives never cou'd agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be Free,
Those Play-house Whiggs set up for Property.

Some ſay they no Obedience paid of late;
But wou'd new Fears and Jealouſies create;
Till topſy-turvy they had turn'd the State.

Plain Senſe, without the Talent of Foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twou'd end in down-right knocks and quel-
For ſeldome comes there better of Rebelling, (ling:

When Men will, needleſly, their Freedom barter
For Lawleſs Pow'r, ſometimes they catch a Tartar:
(There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this call'd Charter.)

But, ſince the Victory with Us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to Twelve in all our Gains:
(If you'll not think us ſawcy for our pains.)

Old Men ſhall have good old Plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair Ladys and Gallants that ſlight 'em,
We'll treat with good new Plays; if our new Wits can
(write 'em.

We'll take no blundring Verſe, no fuſtian Tumour,
No dribling Love, from this or that Preſumer:
No dull fat Fool ſhamm'd on the Stage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but Fools or Fairies ever Play'd;
But 'twas, as Shopmen ſay, to force a Trade.

We've giv'n you Tragedies, all Senſe defying:
And ſinging men, in wofull Metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy Lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old Lumber hether:
Whigg Poets and Whigg Sheriffs may hang together.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Smith*. Written by the ſame Authour.

NEW Miniſters, when firſt they get in place
Muſt have a care to Pleaſe; and that's our Caſe:
Some Laws for publick Welfare we deſign,
If You, the Power ſupreme, will pleaſe to joyn:
There are a ſort of Pratlers in the Pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to Wit:
Theſe noiſie Sirs ſo loud their Parts rehearſe,
That oft the Play is ſilenc'd by the Farce:
Let ſuch be dumb, this Penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my Lady's Eldeſt Son.
But ſtay: methinks ſome Vizard Maſque I ſee,
Caſt out her Lure from the mid Gallery:
About her all the flutt'ring Sparks are rang'd;
The Noiſe continues though the Scene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputtring, wauling, ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like Puſs defendant in a Gutter:
Fine Love no doubt, but e'er two days are o'er ye,
The Surgeon will be told a wofull ſtory.
Let Vizard Maſque her naked Face expoſe,
On pein of being thought to want a Noſe:
Then for your Lacqueys, and your Train beſide,
(By what e'er Name or Title dignify'd)
They roar ſo loud, you'd think behind the Stairs
Tom Dove, and all the Brotherhood of Bears:
They're grown a Nuiſance, beyond all Diſaſters,
We've none ſo great but their unpaying Maſters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your Men, that they
Wou'd pleaſe to give you leave to hear the Play.
Next, in the Play-houſe ſpare your pretious Lives;
Think, like good Chriſtians, on your Bearns and Wives:
Think on your Souls; but by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are Worth:
If none of theſe will move the Warlike Mind,
Think on the helpleſs Whore you leave behind!
We beg you laſt, our Scene-room to forbear,
And leave our Goods and Chattels to our Care:

Alas,

Alas, our Women are but washy Toys,
And wholly taken up in Stage employs:
Poor willing Tits they are: but yet I doubt
This double Duty soon will wear 'em out.
Then you are watcht besides, with jealous care;
What if my Lady's Page should find you there?
My Lady knows t'a tittle what there's in ye;
No passing your guilt Shilling for a Guiney.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have summ'd up in short,
Our Grievances, from Country, Town and Court:
Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure;
But first vote Money, then Redress at leasure.

FINIS.

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